

THEY'LL GAMBLE IN SARATOGA

THREE HOUSES ALLOWED TO RUN BEHIND CLOSED DOORS.

Season at the Spa Opens Under the Old "Regulated Vice" Idea—Joe Ullman Among the Outs, and He's Real Mad—Cavanagh Special's Extra Load.

SARATOGA, Aug. 5.—The Saratoga season was officially opened with the arrival of the Cavanagh special at 6:30 o'clock to-night, and three hours later the town was officially declared to be open only on a crack. The gates ajar situation is straight goods and any one who does not believe it would better not come here without a jimmy.

The edict was promulgated shortly before 10 o'clock. It came after the powers that be, who include, let it be known, the parsons of Saratoga, had spent a fervid and prayerful Sunday. As a result Saratoga will return to the job of regulating vice she did it once very successfully a few years ago, and those were the most successful years of her modern history.

It has been decided that three and no more gambling houses shall do business here this season. The three are Canfield's, the Manhattan, operated by Deacon James Westcott and James Welsh, one of the most popular residents of Saratoga, and the United States Club, on the east side of Woodlawn avenue, just around the corner from the United States Hotel. Jolly Joe Ullman, who is said to be the particular friend of one of the highest officials of the county, whose home is not in Saratoga, and Big Jim Kennedy have been turned down cold and hard.

Ullman, who used to run the New York Club at Long Branch before Supreme Court Justice Fort put the kibosh on gambling at the resort by the sea and is known on every racetrack in the United States, got word at his Bridge Club in Philadelphia, last night, that he had been turned down. He said that he did not get his "tools" out of the place at once it would be raided. Similar news was carried to Big Jim around at the Chicago Club, which is directly across the street from Croker's United States Club. The east side of Woodlawn avenue has been dubbed to-night the sunny side of the street.

But not one of the "big three" or "three of a kind," as some on the Congress porch referred to Canfield's, the Manhattan and the United States club, will be permitted under the edict to run open. The doors between the beautiful restaurant at Canfield's and the gaming room and the café must be closed and kept closed. The Manhattan and United States clubs must hang out no beacons and their outer doors must be kept closed.

It was said this evening that when Canfield heard the terms of the edict he declared that he would close his place at once and never open it again. He has always asserted that one of the most attractive features of his place was the wide open doors between the restaurant, café and gaming room, through which men might pass at will from a hot bird or a cold bottle to the roulette wheel or the deal box. But Richard is himself again. Some of his philosophic friends reminded him that show money is better than losing all three ways, while others assured him that a Saratoga summer would not be worth while if the old Morrissey Club were not even half open. So the premier of the American green cloth decided to make the best of what he regarded as altogether an unrealistic and uninteresting situation.

Ullman, some of his friends said this evening, is serenely, even mysteriously, sure that the ban will be lifted from the Bridge before sundown to-morrow night. There is a story floating about the hotel porches, which cannot of course be verified, of a long distance telephone talk which Ullman had this afternoon with his political chum in the southern part of the county, and the result was that his friend said he'd be in Saratoga in the morning.

The clergymen of Saratoga, however, have put forward a solid front for a no wide open town and they have told the president of the village and the Police Commissioner very pointedly that if gambling can't be abolished here altogether at least it must be controlled. They have appealed to Senator Edgar T. Brackett, the big man in politics in these diggings, and he has assured the clergymen of his hearty support. If it came to showdown between the parsons and Brackett on one side and Ullman and the county officeholder who is alleged to be his great and good friend on the other, there would be but one result, either the parsons-Brackett combination will carry out their scheme for controlling gambling here or every gambling house in the place will be closed.

The "Cavanagh special" brought to Saratoga this year the largest number of real things and real people that John Cavanagh, the Jersey City clubman and extraordinary to the court of the Metropolitan Turt Association, ever piloted anywhere. It pulled out of the Grand Central Station in three sections this afternoon, the first section at 1:30 o'clock and the other two sections immediately afterward. There were twenty Pullman cars in the three sections and enough more ordinary coaches to relieve New York for the benefit of Saratoga of a few more than 1,200 real sports.

In order that the folk at the up stations might have proper warning of what was coming about fifty Pinkerton detectives, in charge of both William A. and Robert A. Pinkerton, were sent ahead in the first section. At least that was the official reason given for sending the detectives in the first section. The real reason for the move, however, should be found in a request sent to the Pinkerton agency of New York on Saturday afternoon by the Pinkerton agency in Chicago.

The superintendent of the Western branch notified the superintendent of the Eastern branch that the brothers Pinkerton were going to Saratoga on the first section of the special, along with A. B. Hudson of the New York Stock Exchange firm of Charles G. Gates & Co. and Daniel O'Leary of Chicago. The story was all around Chicago, so the message ran, that a poker game for high stakes had been arranged. The Western branch asked as a special favor therefore that the men from the New York office who were going to Saratoga go on the first, to make sure that when either Mr. O'Leary or Mr. Hudson dealt the cards were above the table.

At Poughkeepsie the train made the only stop of the trip. The yankees took it for granted, of course, that it was ten minutes for food and half an hour for drinks. They

JUST KNIFED HIM TO ROB HIM.

STUCK HIM IN THE BACK IN DAY-LIGHT IN 23D STREET.

Excuse Given by the Assassin Is That He Was Hungry and Was Afraid to Rob a Live Man, So He Proposed to Kill Him First—Spine of His Victim Injured.

Walter C. Pearson, a salesman living at 85 Washington street, Hoboken, and employed by a whiskey manufacturing firm at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, was walking along Twenty-third street near Seventh avenue at 9 o'clock yesterday morning when a poorly dressed youth, wearing a week's growth of beard, who was following a few steps behind, increased his pace until he reached Pearson. As Pearson turned to go into a cigar store at the corner the youth behind him pulled out of his pocket a black leather case containing a pointed fruit knife and thrust the blade with all his power into Pearson's back between the shoulder blades.

Pearson turned around and then fell. The knife had touched the spinal cord and paralyzed his left leg. His assailant stood over him, apparently undecided what to do next. Frank Thomas of the Florence Hotel, Eighth avenue and Twenty-first street, grabbed him and held him until a policeman came. The knife, with an inch of the blade broken off in Pearson's body, was still in the prisoner's hand.

Pearson was removed to a nearby drug store and the prisoner was taken before him. Pearson had never seen him before and couldn't imagine why the man had tried to kill him.

"He may have planned to rob me, but he had no way of knowing that I have \$90 in my pocket," said Pearson.

After the injured man had been removed to the New York Hospital, the prisoner, who said he was John Earle, 22 years old, was taken to Jefferson Market court. While the papers were being made out, charging him with felonious assault, he told his story.

"I was hungry, that's all, and I had to have money to get something to eat," he said. "I ate a little something yesterday morning, but last night I was so hungry again that I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought the best way to get money was to rob somebody. I walked along Park row for hours Saturday night trying to get up nerve enough to knock somebody down. I never was a thief, so my nerve failed me every time a man came along that looked as if he might have money. Then I decided that the best way to rob a man was to kill him first, and then he couldn't give me a fight."

"When I was walking along Park row I saw a knife lying on a fruit stand. I hung round it for a while and then I stole it. I went away as fast as I could. I walked the Bowery all night long, but it seemed harder to murder any one than it was to rob. I was getting hungrier all the time, and finally I tried to beg a few pennies. Every one turned me down, so I went through Fourteenth street to Broadway and made up my mind I would walk through Broadway until I met a man I could rob."

"I was walking along Broadway and I saw a man I liked. I followed him for a while, and then I saw something in his hip pocket that looked like a wallet. I intended to follow him until I got him alone, but when I saw him turn into a store I pulled out the knife before I knew it and stabbed him. I was just going to rob him when they grabbed me and held my hands."

Earle said he had been in the work most of the time for a year, and what little money he had received and all his clothes had come from his sister, Mrs. Agnes Quinn of 143 East Twenty-first street. He said that his sister finally got tired of having him around her house and gave him a few cents a week to support himself with. When he had money he slept in lodging houses, and when it was gone he slept anywhere he could.

Magistrate Finellie committed him for five days to have his sanity ascertained. In the afternoon the whole left side of Pearson's body began to grow numb. The surgeons then decided that the spinal cord had been affected and had him taken to the operating room. They probed in the wound and found the point of the knife. Dr. Bolton, who operated, was unable to decide just how seriously the spinal cord had been injured. While Pearson had lost the use of his leg entirely and the left side of his body was affected, it was sensitive to touch and he was conscious all the time.

Earle was quiet in the psychopathic ward all day yesterday and didn't seem to care. His sister, Mrs. Quinn, is housekeeper of a furnished room house just off Gramercy Park. At the house it was learned that Earle had been away from the city for about four years, having left his sister's house because he couldn't agree with his brother-in-law. He came back suddenly two weeks ago and his sister has believed him against his brother's wishes. He was told on Sunday morning that he could not stay there any longer.

At Bellevue Hospital Earle named as his friend Mrs. Earle of 226 West Twenty-fifth street. No one at that number knew any one of that name.

BALLOONING BY MOONLIGHT.

Dr. Thomas Found a Breeze Up Above and Set Off Northeast.

Dr. Julian P. Thomas and Roy Knaben-shue sailed off toward the Maine woods in a balloon at 8:40 last night, starting from the Union Gas Works at 138th street. The two men are going to try to make a long trip. They allowed themselves only half a gallon of water and took no food or luxuries with them, making the time pass more easily for the eighteen hours they expected to be in the sky. They came very near, however, taking along some undesired weight in the form of a boy or two, caught up in the ropes out of the crowd as it surged around the balloon. For two or three hours the younger element of the big crowd that was hanging around outside the grounds had been amusing themselves climbing fences and dodging pickets to get in, and whenever the gates were opened to admit an automobile about a hundred appointed themselves retainers and ladies in waiting, and in pursuance of their duties as such escorted the machine inside, so that by 8:30 a crowd of 800 was showing to get a good look at the balloon, and the few policemen were helpless.

At 8:30 a fire balloon was sent up, which a light breeze took off to the northeast. Twenty minutes later the Nirvana soared away, and just as Dr. Thomas's light glowed came down out of the darkness, the full moon rose over the tops of the buildings.

After all, Ullman's one does not make the highest famous man.

A BREATHLESS HOT DAY.

Not Even the Customary Thunder Squall—Breeze Promised.

The official prophets scored yesterday. They said it was going to be fair, and it was fair; it was likewise hot. They were discreetly silent on the topics of temperature and breeze. The thermometer climbed up to 90°. It has been hotter than that this season by three degrees, but it felt at moments yesterday as if it were the hottest day of the summer, because most of the time there was no breeze, even on the coast, and at one time attained the force of a zephyr. It was merely a mild and lazy stirring of the air, an atmospheric pulsation that barely could be detected.

Up on the official tower, where even a ghost of a zephyr has a chance of being registered by the delicate anemometer, that might even measure a dead calm in the subway, there were official rumors that the breeze fluctuated between southeast and southwest, and at one time attained the force of three miles. The American flag was seen to lift feebly from several poles, but it probably was through sheer force of patriotism.

There were no squalls, even on the remotest horizon, so Sunday pleasure seekers who went out in sailboats they do not know how to manage were not drowned, even if they did not get back last night. The helplessness of the sea gave the traveler by boat or train or stage a desire to do as little as possible with the least exertion. The leaves drooped and the spirits went down, mostly in the shape of beer. It was a day that sapped energy, even if it did not wilt collars. It drove a larger throng to the water resorts, probably, than any other day in years, because of its very fairness, for folks were unafraid to venture out when they saw no shower impending, and the bathhouses had waiting lists an hour long.

There is a promise of a breeze for to-day and slightly lower temperature.

BROTHERS DROWNED.

One Stood Up in a Boat to Pose for a Picture in a Park Lake.

In the presence of several hundred people William Jacobs, 23 years old, of 96 Howard street, and Abraham Jacobs, 17 years old, of 436 Park street, Newark, brothers, were drowned in the lake at Branch Brook Park yesterday afternoon about 4:30 o'clock. They had hired a rowboat and were in the new division of the lake between Park and Bloomfield avenues when William H. Nichols, a photographer of South Twelfth street, asked them to pose for a picture.

The consented and one of the brothers stood up in the boat. It capsize and the two occupants fell into the water. Neither could swim, and Nichols went to their rescue. He got them in the boat, but they moved about, it is explained, and fell out again. Nichols nearly lost his life in a second attempt to rescue them.

One of them seized him and pulled him under the water. The lake was dragged, and Thomas Gilhooly, chief of the park police, with the assistance of two of his officers, brought the bodies up about an hour afterward. William Jacobs was recently married.

At the time the drowning occurred there were many persons on both banks of the lake, which is less than a hundred feet wide at that point. There were also about twenty boats containing pleasure parties within sight. None but Nichols made any effort to save the men from drowning.

BOY PRISONED IN BOAT.

Father Drowned While Diving and He Couldn't Raise the Anchor.

John H. Dunlap, 8, of 716 Grand street, Jersey City, was drowned in Newark Bay about a half mile from the Newark shore on Saturday, while in the company of his twelve-year-old son. They were fishing. The boy was helpless to aid, and for most of the time he was in the water. He was a prisoner in the anchored boat. He was finally rescued by a party of fishermen and taken to the Third precinct station, Newark.

He said his father and he had fished for some time without much success and his father decided to have a swim. He made several dives and fetched big distances under the water, all for the amusement of his son.

From his last dive he did not appear again. The son shouted for help, but his cries were not heard. He could row, but he could not lift the heavy anchor out of the mud. Dunlap was a jeweler in the employ of the Untermeyer-Robbins Company of New York. He leaves a widow.

SAYS CORBETT HIT HIM.

Milkman Also Says Jim's Dog Caught His Horse by the Nose.

Jim Corbett, former champion heavy-weight pugilist and now a vaudeville actor, was in the Flushing police court yesterday morning to answer to a charge of assault preferred by Joseph Graul, a milkman. The latter says that Jim swatted him on Saturday morning.

"I was driving my wagon through Bay-side," said Graul, "and just as I got in front of Corbett's house one of his Boston bull terriers came out and jumping up, grabbed the horse's nose. I fired a milk bottle at the dog, and just as I did so Mrs. Corbett, who was on the front porch, screamed and Corbett came running out from the yard, where he had been working over his automobile. The next thing I knew he reached out and landed on my mouth. I was knocked out and when I came to Corbett was back hammering away at his automobile as if nothing had happened."

Graul made a complaint, but Corbett was not arrested. The ex-prizefighter went to the police court, however, yesterday morning in answer to a summons. Corbett denies striking the milkman. Mrs. Corbett also declares that Jim never touched him.

Magistrate Luke Conorton had the case postponed until next Saturday.

Corbett said last night that his dog had been struck by the milk bottle and the actor says he will report the matter to the S. P. C. A.

RAINMAKER FAILS AT DAWSON.

Watford Slips Up on Contract to Supply Water for Hydraulic Mines.

Victoria, B. C., Aug. 5.—Watford, the Rainmaker of Los Angeles, returned by the Princess Beatrice last evening from Dawson, where he had been retained to bring sufficient water from the clouds to accommodate the hydraulic interests of the Upper Yukon. He failed, but he was to receive a bonus of \$10,000 from the mine owners and the territorial government.

KILLED ON A SCENIC RAILWAY.

YOUNG WOMAN THROWN FROM CAR AND DRAGGED.

Tossed Out at a Curve at Fort George Pleasure Resort—Body Bruised So That It Is Almost Unrecognizable—Proprietor Thinks Held on a Homicide Charge.

Catherine Rosebrook, 19 years old, of 302 East Eighty-ninth street, was killed instantly yesterday afternoon while riding on a scenic railway at Fort George. The car jumped the track and the girl was dragged a distance of seventy-five feet between the side of the car and the supporting structure. Her body was crushed almost beyond recognition.

The young woman was employed as a bookbinder downtown. She told her mother yesterday when she left home that she was going to Fort George with her chum, Nellie Ryan of 647 St. Ann's avenue, The Bronx, and her twelve-year-old god-child. After seeing some of the sights she suggested to Miss Ryan that they take a ride in the scenic railway. They got into the rear seat of the second car. In the front seat were Isidore Kreszen, 50 Heister street, Meyer Greenberg, 83 Heister street, and William Eufano, 307 East Eighty-fourth street. James Lafarino, 155 West Twenty-eighth street, and Daniel Shagnon, 134 West Twenty-eighth street, were in the first car.

On Sundays, when the crowd is big, the management runs two cars together to lessen the danger of accident. The two cars with the party aboard started off and made the first turn without a hitch. Miss Rosebrook and her chum had the little girl between them.

The cars gathered speed as they went down and up the incline, but the occupants held to the guard rails. One of the young men remarked that they were going too fast and that there was danger of an accident, but one of the others told him he was always afraid to have a little fun.

The young women kept up a constant screaming as the cars made a sharp turn, more in playfulness than from fear.

Soon the cars shot around a turn where there is a sharp curve. The rear car jumped the track and Miss Rosebrook was thrown out. The car went ahead down a seventy foot incline, dragging her between the structure and the car. At first she tried to free herself, but her dress caught on the car and she was dragged along. She screamed for help and the other occupants in the two cars became panic-stricken.

The young women's cries were heard by hundreds of people who were seated on the verandas. When the car got to the bottom of the incline her body was unrecognizable and every bone seemed broken.

The car started up another incline, but the girl's body was held at the bottom by a piece of her skirt which caught in the structure. The car went up the incline about half way and then started down again. It struck the girl's body with sufficient force to knock it off the tracks through the structure to the ground, a distance of ten feet. The starter of the cars had presence of mind enough not to start any more cars around the toboggan.

Detectives Hootor and Meckert of the West 182d street station, who were on duty at Fort George, ordered the railway closed for the day and James Thoms, the owner of it, was arrested on a charge of homicide. He was taken to the station and held to await the action of Coroner Harburger. Policeman Stephen Sackett of the West 125th street station sent a hurry call for an ambulance to the Washington Heights Hospital. Dr. Bernstein examined the body and he said that nearly every bone was broken. The body was removed to the West 152d street station.

The police say that Thoms, who has an interest in several places at Fort George, was accused of homicide and that his scenic railway is not constructed properly. It is built on the east side of Amsterdam avenue down in a ravine near the Speedway.

MAINE'S LAUNCH ON THE ROCKS.

Officers Returning From Prizefight at Newport Have Narrow Escape.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Aug. 5.—When the United States cruiser Denver, arrived here from Newport to-day, she brought news of the wreck of a party aboard the battleship Maine's steam launch which ran upon a ledge in Newport harbor last night.

A prizefight at the training station ended about 10 o'clock. Attending the bout were several officers who started to their ships in one of the Maine's steam launches. Two women relatives of some of the officers were also aboard the launch bound for Jamestown wharf.

The launch in a heavy fog ran upon a ledge. The occupants of the launch had about given up hope of rescue before morning when a whaleboat from the Denver, came to them in response to distress signals. Soon the marooned mariners were transferred to the Denver's boat and the rescuers started for their ship. The fog was so dense that they rowed in a circle and after an hour's steady work brought up against the Maine's launch which they had abandoned.

A second start was made and this time they were aided by the Denver's searchlights. The officers of the Maine's launch saw the Kentucky launch steamed within a few feet of them but ignored their distress signals.

ILLINOIS PRIMARY A SUCCESS.

Not a Hitch at the First Trial—No Complaints From Voters.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—The initial trial of the new primary law's provisions yesterday demonstrated that it is an almost unqualified success.

This opinion was expressed by Chief Clerk Isaac N. Powell and Attorney W. W. Wheelock of the Board of Election Commissioners and others who were directly in charge of the election, as well as by other men who are qualified to judge of such matters.

That the chief object of the law—the free expression by the voters of their preferences for political candidates—was successfully achieved without interference, was conceded by all. In addition, the machinery needed to hold the primaries, complicated as it was, worked without a hitch, not a single complaint being received about legal voters being unable to cast their ballots.

Considering the fact that the law was an innovation and contained much that both the voters and judges and clerks of election had to familiarize themselves with, the outcome was the one use of much satisfaction in the Election Commissioners' office.

HIT BY BINGHAM'S AUTO.

Righteously Tearing Car Put Out of Business in a Collision.

Police Commissioner Bingham's automobile while on duty smashed into a large sightseeing car yesterday afternoon at Ninety-fifth street and West End avenue. Those aboard the big car were all shaken up, and Carl Velda, 7 years old, of 708 West End avenue, was bruised about the abdomen.

The accident happened at the foot of a steep slope which extends from Amsterdam avenue to West End avenue. The sightseeing car was just about to turn into Ninety-fifth street to go to Riverside Drive when the Commissioner's machine struck it. Bernard Doyle, the chauffeur, said that he applied the brakes, but that his tires skidded on the freshly sprinkled street. A call was sent in for an ambulance. When Dr. Templeton from J. Hood Wright Hospital came he found that nobody was much injured. The Velda boy was then taken home.

The sightseeing car was emptied of passengers and towed back to the garage.

MRS. MAYBRICK RETURNS.

Went Tell Whether or Not She Took a Chance and Visited England.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick arrived here from Europe last night on the French line steamship La Gasconne, which docked at 8:30 o'clock. She was down on the passenger list as Mme F. Chaney—her maiden name. None of the other passengers knew she was Mrs. Maybrick.

A reporter who had met her before recognized her and she admitted her identity. "I have been abroad for three months," said Mrs. Maybrick, who seemed to be in excellent health.

The reporter asked her if she had visited England and thus violated her ticket of leave, thus placing herself liable to arrest. Mrs. Maybrick smiled and said:

"Well, I have been abroad three months, and it stands to reason that I did not remain in one place all that time."

She would not, however, admit that she had changed the English authorities and gone to any part of the British Isles. She stated that she would visit with friends in this city for several days and would then go to Washington.

PRESIDENT'S EARLY CALLER.

Received by Secret Service Men and Taken to the Oyster Bay Lockup.

OYSTER BAY, L. I., Aug. 5.—Filled with excitement and an ardent desire to see President Roosevelt, Carl Cook, who afterward said he was a lawyer from Washington, struggled up Sagamore Hill very early this morning. He announced his coming with song and was received with open arms by the Secret Service men on night duty. He was taken back to the village and looked up by Constable Macindoe.

This morning Judge Franklin ordered him to serve five days in the Mineola jail. He was charged with vagrancy.

PETITION TAGGART TO GET OUT.

Indiana Democrats Signing Paper That Will Be Put Up to Bryan.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 5.—A petition is being circulated by the Democrats who are opposed to Tom Taggart asking him to resign. It is designed for the eye of William Jennings Bryan rather than for Taggart's, though it will be presented to the national chairman before it is referred to Bryan on his arrival from Europe.

The petition sets out that the party cannot defend Taggart, even if it would, in the face of the record which the State has made against him, and that he can relieve the party of the burden by resigning the national chairmanship.

KILLED BY SUBWAY EXPRESS.

Dead Man's Body Struck the Device Which Makes Trains Stop in a Hurry.

A northbound express in the subway stopped with so sudden a jolt last evening at Columbus Circle that passengers bumped against one another. The lights went out when the bumps came and there was a rush for the doors. Guards subdued the panic that seemed imminent. It was half an hour before the express went on again, and in that time the motorman, William T. Harris, had been arrested and taken to the West Eighty-eighth street station, technically charged with homicide.

When the lights went out the life of a truck-walker, Patrick Pellegino, went with them. He had been walking on the track for southbound trains and to avoid a train on that track stepped off into the space between the two tracks. It is supposed that he stumbled and fell in front of the northbound train. He was hurled against a pillar, and rebounding, struck a tripper, which is an automatic device attached to the car truck to stop the train in a hurry. The tripper worked, the train coming to a standstill within the length of a car. The lights were extinguished simultaneously. By the time the fragments of the truck-walker's body were gathered up and the motorman arrested there was a long line of expresses blocked.

Pellegino was 22 years old and lived in Jersey City.

RUSSIAN STRIKERS JAILED.

Many Arrests in the Capital—Hope to Keep Railways Open.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 5.—Over a hundred persons were arrested yesterday for inciting workmen to strike.

It is the general opinion that the public services, such as the railways, posts and telegraphs, will be maintained, despite the efforts of the agitators to get the employees to quit work.

KILLED IN THE ALPS.

Five Mountain Climbers Lost While the First Two Days.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. LONDON, Aug. 5.—Telegrams from Grindelwald, Innsbruck and Grenoble announce the deaths of four Alpine climbers and the disappearance of a fifth within the past two days.

Both Parties Against Joint Statehood.

PH. NIX, ARIZ., Aug. 5.—The Republican and Democratic Territorial committees met yesterday and combined, by the appointment of a joint committee, against joint Statehood. This will not interfere with the campaign for delegates to Congress.

Latest Marine Intelligence.

Arrived: St. Nieuw Amsterdam, Rotterdam, July 2.

STEAMER SINKS, OVER 300 DROWN.

Italian Liner Sirio Runs on Spanish Coast—Emigrants' Awful Fight for Life.

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CAPTAIN KILLS HIMSELF.

Blamed for Disaster in Venturing Into Dangerous Course to Save Time—500 Rescued.

Panic on Board Responsible for Many Deaths—Crazed Men Passengers Fought With Knives for Places in the Boats, Killing Women and Sailors Who Tried to Maintain Some Order—Bishop of Sao Paulo, Brazil, Remains on Board Blessing Doomed Passengers Until Ship Goes Down, Carrying Him to Death—Other Steamers Near By Picked Up Many of Those SAVED—Coast Struck With Bodies and Wreckage—Survivors Taken to Alicante and Cartagena.

Special Cable Dispatches to THE SUN.

CARTAGENA, Aug. 5.—The Italian steamer Sirio, from Genoa and Barcelona for Buenos Ayres, has been lost off Cape Palos, Spain. According to the latest reports 545 of those aboard were saved and 355 lost.

The wreck of the Sirio, which was an emigrant vessel, adds one more to the list of great shipping catastrophes. Owing to the loss of the ship's papers the exact extent of the disaster cannot be ascertained. Leaving Genoa on August 2, with about 600 Italian emigrants on board, the Sirio called at Barcelona, where she embarked some Spaniards. Altogether her passengers are believed to have numbered between 700 and 800. Her crew numbered 127.

At 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon the ill-fated ship was off Bajos Hormigas, near Cape Palos. Her navigation is difficult owing to the number of rocks that are hidden at high tide. It is alleged that the captain ventured too near Hormigas